

He had not been many hours in prison, though the mental sufferings he was enduring made them appear an eternity, when Claudine arrived to acquaint him that he had no longer a father, the Comte de Breteuil having expired shortly after his son had been dragged from his presence.

'Father, sister, friend, all—all are gone!' groaned Gustave; 'would to heaven that I were with them!' and he threw himself in agony on the wretched bed on which he was sitting.

'Not dear Monsieur Gustave,' said Claudine, 'all are not yet lost; you have still a friend, for the Comte de Villeneuve yet lives, and the doctors say he will recover.'

'Oh! God be thanked!' exclaimed Gustave; 'tell me, tell me, my good Claudine, how this has occurred?'

'Why, my dear young master,' resumed she, 'when the comte was found, as they supposed, dead in the garden, he was only in a deep swoon from loss of blood. He was soon restored to animation; and though he is very weak and languid, the doctors all say he will certainly recover. He has already spoken, and declared your innocence. God be praised! as also his knowledge of the assassin, so that in a few hours you must be released from this hateful prison.'

To return thanks to the Almighty Providence that had preserved De Villeneuve, and justified himself from the foul crime with which he stood charged, was the first movement of Gustave,—but soon came the bitter recollection of the death of his father and Louise, that dearly loved sister and companion of his youth.

'My sister, my blessed sister,' exclaimed Gustave; 'Oh! had you been spared!' and a burst of passionate grief unmaned him.

'You see, my dear Monsieur Gustave,' said Claudine, 'the Comte de Villeneuve was supposed to be dead,' laying an emphasis on the word supposed, 'and yet he is still alive. God is good; so do not despair, for our precious mademoiselle may be restored to us.'

'What do you, what can you mean, Claudine? Oh! keep me not in suspense!' cried the agitated Gustave; 'tell me, tell me, does she live?'

'Be calm, my dear young master, prepare yourself for joyful news. She does live, and you shall soon see her. Under Providence, the dear Mademoiselle Matilde and I saved her: for by friction and restoratives we had elicited signs of life before the doctors came, and they say she will recover if she is kept quiet.'

The joy of Gustave may be imagined,—he hugged the good old Claudine again and again, and it was only on recollecting the death of his father, that he could check the transport which the recovery of his sister had occasioned. He hastily dismissed Claudine in order that Louise might not be deprived of her care, and sat him down to reflect on the occurrences of the last few eventful hours.

A short time brought the order for his release from prison, and he flew to his home, where he found his sister, much better than his most sanguine hopes had led him to expect. The only account she could give of her sudden seizure was, that she was awakened from sleep by a sense of suffocation, and when she tried to move, the endeavour was violently repressed by some person who forcibly held her, until her struggles were terminated by insensibility. The appearance of the mysterious stranger in the garden recurred to the recollection of Gustave, and suspicion that he was in some way connected with the tragic events of the preceding night, rushed to his mind. These suspicions were confirmed by De Villeneuve, who told him that as the moonbeams fell on the countenance of his assassin, when he gave him the second wound, he recognized in him the miscreant whom they had discovered in the garden. The meeting between the friends was most affecting. The danger to which Louise had been exposed was concealed from her lover, lest in his present languid state, a knowledge of it might occasion an excitement which should be prejudicial to his recovery.

When Roussel and the Comte de Breteuil had reached the chamber in which they supposed Matilde to sleep, her guardian had not sufficient resolution to enter it; and, therefore on the hardened Roussel devolved the commission of the murderous task which his wretched and vacillating accomplice dared not even to witness. Thus, the panic-stricken slave of conscience, he remained cowering on the threshold, while his own daughter was attempted to be made the victim of her parent's guilt.

Just as the fiend like assassin conceived he had completed his atrocious crime, he was alarmed by the sound of voices in the garden.

He hastily removed the hateful mask before the final extinction of the vital spark had been effected, and then carefully wiped from the pale face of the unfortunate girl, all stain and discoloration, until not a vestige remained of the means that had been employed. De Breteuil, overcome with feelings of remorse and horror, and shrinking from the sight of the murderer, after a few hurried words of promised reward, let him out of the house, giving him the key of the garden door; and then, overcome with terror, had locked himself in his chamber. The reconnoiterer of Roussel with his son appeared to his guilty conscience as a certain clue to the detection of his crime, and he had passed a night of such fearful torment as had shaken his frame, and death already waved his dart over him.

The sight of Matilde, whom he believed dead, achieved the blow: but ere he sank under it, he had the misery of beholding his son seized as a criminal, and of meeting his fate without a friend or relation to close his dying eyes, yet happy in thus escaping the infamy his crimes deserved.

When Roussel had left the presence of the friends on the fatal night, he concealed himself in the garden, in the hope that chance might disclose to him some portion of their intentions. The result answered his expectations: for he overheard all their conversations.—He thus discovered that the gaming propensities of the Comte de Breteuil were now known to his son, and that the plan suggested by De Villeneuve of assisting him with money, would probably extricate his dupe out of his hands. This knowledge alone would have been sufficient to instigate him to the commission of any atrocity; but his rancorous mind was still further excited by the disgust and antipathy the friends had exhibited towards himself, and thus impelled both by apprehension and malignity, he determined to remove the one and gratify the other, by murdering De Villeneuve and accusing Gustave of the crime. The pocket book and money given by De Villeneuve, if found on Gustave, would, he felt certain, be received as conclusive proof of his guilt. He retired to his lodging, wrote a note to the commissaire de police, informing him of the murder, and then resolved to absent himself for some time from Paris, fearing that the Comte de Breteuil, in the horror of seeing his son accused of murder, might betray the other fatal part of the remedy, and implicate his safety.

On leaving Paris, Roussel directed his course to Nantes, where having remained a few days, he took an outside seat on the Diligence to return, and was one of the three people killed by the overturning of that vehicle.

Thus perished, within a week from the period of his double attempt at murder, a wretch whose life had been one long tissue of crime, and with him was buried the secret of the guilty participation of the Comte de Breteuil, whose children were thus happily saved the deep and enduring misery which must have arisen on their knowledge of their parents' infamy. In a few months the double alliance of the houses of De Villeneuve and De Breteuil took place, and they enjoy all the felicity they deserve. The amiable Matilde has found a husband in a near neighbor of De Villeneuve's, and continues a much attached as ever to her dear friend Louise, whose society constitutes one of her greatest sources of happiness.

Nothing now remains except to wish our readers all the blessings enjoyed by our heroines and heroes, but without their trials, and to impress on their minds the counsel to Beware of Gaming.

SCENE AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

The rain is o'er. How dense and bright  
You pearly clouds reposing lie!  
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight  
Contrasted with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives  
The general blessing,—fresh and fair,  
Each flower expands its little leaves,  
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams to pour around  
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;  
The winds flow cool; the scented ground  
Is breathing odors on the gale.

'Mid you rich clouds majestic pile,  
Methinks some spirit of the air,  
Might rest to gaze below a while,  
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth—from off the scene,  
Its floating veil of mist is flung;  
And all the wilderness of green  
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature—yet the same—  
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,  
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came  
Fresh in her youth from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,  
Which sounds from all below, above;  
She calls her children to rejoice,  
And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence—low born care,  
And all the train of mean desire,  
Refuse to breathe this holy air,  
And 'mid this living light expire.

From the Life of Lord Exmouth.  
A BRAVE AND HUMANE ACHIEVEMENT.

It was in the beginning of the year 1796, when Sir Edward was on shore at Plymouth, and was going out to dinner with Lady Pellew, that he observed a crowd; and found, upon inquiry, that the Dutton, a large vessel with soldiers on board, bound for the West Indies, had got upon a shoal, and having lost her rudder, was beating at the mercy of the winds and waves. All her masts were gone, and she was lying in a deplorable state at no great distance from the shore. Having heard this, Sir Edward sprang out of the carriage in which he was sitting, and went off with the rest of the people to the beach, where crowds of people were assembling. He could scarcely see how the loss of nearly all on board, between five and six hundred, could be prevented. They had no commander, for the captain had landed from illness only the day before, so all was confusion; and although the officers had succeeded in getting a rope to the shore, by which several of the people landed, yet this was a slow and difficult operation, at a time when each moment was precious: for the night was drawing on, and the wreck was fast breaking.

Sir Edward wanted to send a messenger to the officers, and offered rewards to pilots and others to carry it; but none liked to board the wreck, so he soon exclaimed, 'Then I will go myself!' By means of the rope he was hauled on board through the surf;—a very dangerous adventure, for the masts were in the way, having fallen toward the shore, and he was hurt on the back by being dragged under the main mast; but although the wound was bad enough to confine him to his bed for weeks afterwards, he disregarded it at the time, and as soon as he got on board declared who he was, and took upon himself the command. He assured the people that all would be saved, if they would quietly attend to his orders, promising to be the last to quit the wreck,—and at the same time threatening to run any one through the body who might disobey him. His well known name, with his calmness and firmness, united in giving hope and confidence to the despairing crowd, who received him with cheers, which were heartily returned by the thousands that stood upon the shore. Meanwhile, assistance was brought from Pellew's own ship, and from a merchant vessel,—so that the ends of two additional ropes were got on shore, and then cradles were contrived to be slung upon them, with travelling ropes to pass forward and backward between the ship and the beach. Each rope was held on shore by men, who watched the rolling of the wreck in the waves, and kept the ropes tight and steady. With much difficulty, one or two small boats were worked near enough to the remains of the Dutton to receive the more helpless of the passengers. Sir Edward with his sword drawn, directed the proceeding, and kept order—no easy task, since some of the soldiers had got at the spirits before he came on board and many were drunk, even at that awful time, when every fresh wave was threatening them all with instant death. The children, the sick, and the women were landed first,—and nothing more impressed Sir Edward, than the struggle of feelings which took place in the case of one woman, the mother of a child only three weeks old, before she would trust her infant to his care, nor did anything give him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. The soldiers were next got on shore—then the ship's company, and lastly the hero himself, to whom, under Providence they all owed their safety, and presently after his daring and noble action had been completed, the wreck went to pieces.

On this occasion the freedom of the town of Plymouth was voted to him by the corporation—the merchants of Liverpool presented him with a valuable service of plate—and in the following March he was created a baronet, and received an honourable addition to his family arms—namely, a civic wreath, a stranded ship for a crest, and a motto signifying a wish, that, God assisting him, fortune might follow him in the undertakings, which modest motto he chose rather than one that was proposed in terms more flattering to himself.

USEFUL ADVICE.

Industry is of but little value unless it be regular. No good is gained by working only by fits and starts. To avoid the formation of habits of irregularity, endeavour to go upon a fixed determinate plan, in reference both to your ordinary avocations, and your periods of study and reflection. To a steady perseverance in the plan you have laid down for yourself, and the virtue of punctuality. One half of the people you meet with have no accurate idea on this important matter. They make life a play and what is truly ridiculous, many of

them perform their parts very badly. Instead of being punctual, they care not how they keep their engagements, and thus punctual men get ahead of them. Many complain that they are prevented from being punctual by the multiplicity of their engagements. But this, in most instances, is a delusion; all men may be punctual to the extent which is necessary to gain them a reputation for regularity, if they choose.

The most trifling actions that effect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or at nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.

CLOSE OF THE WEEK.

A week! It is but short indeed; but its events are a host, its changes many. To whom has the week just about to close brought joy? to whom sorrow? to whom riches? to whom poverty? to whom friends? to whom enemies? to whom love? to whom hatred? to whom freedom? to whom misery? to whom happiness? to whom sickness? to whom health? to whom life? or, to whom death? What! all these changes in one week? Yea, and a host more numerous than the sands of the sea. Many who saw the dawning of the present week will be in another world ere it closes; many upon whom fortune smiled but a week ago, are now groaning beneath the withering frowns of poverty; many who were floating gently on the bark of life, o'er the untrifled sea of happiness, a week ago, are now wrecks of ruin on the shores of affliction; many upon whom the sun of last Sabbath shone propitiously, have ere this time, met with some misfortune, and are turned upon the world the children of poverty, and many, whose expectations and hopes were beaming forth bright and prosperous at the dawn of the week, find themselves at the close, the sad and miserable beings of cruel disappointment. And such is the fate of man! It is subject to changes in a week, a day, nay, an hour. The world is still in commotion—revolution succeeding revolution, time whirling in its rapid progress, leaving behind its trace of destruction.

From the Christian Watchman.  
AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

The King of Prussia during his late visit to England to attend to the christening of the young prince, visited Newgate prison in company with the celebrated Mrs. Fry, walking arm in arm.—When they had reached one of the female wards, the inmates were all assembled around a table, and at the head of which Mrs. Fry took her seat and explained to His Majesty the circumstances of the prisoners, and the improvement which had been made among them by the introduction of religious services. The prison had long been considered one of the worst in the kingdom, and when some years ago, she first had the privilege, by the courtesy of the magistrates of London to visit this prison, it was unsafe for the Governor, and more so for herself to venture into the female wards. Mrs. Fry then proceeded to read to the prisoners two chapters from a religious work commenting upon them as she proceeded, with a view to convey to His Majesty an idea of the mode in which she conducted her charitable visitations. Then followed a psalm, which being concluded Mrs. Fry knelt down, an example which His Majesty instantly followed, and with the most devout attention, listened to a beautiful extemporaneous prayer to which Mrs. Fry gave utterance. The scene at this moment was indeed a strange one, at one view the beholder witnessed the monarch of a great nation, a portion of the nobles of his realm, the wealth and authorities of the great metropolis of this commercial kingdom, approaching with prayer their common Creator, in union with those whom vice and crime had made the occupants of a prison.

IDLENESS.

Idleness is the hot bed of temptation, the cradle of disease, and the canker worm of felicity. In a little time, to the man who has no employment, life will have no novelty, and when novelty is laid in the grave, the funeral of comfort, will enter the church yard. From that moment it is the shade and not the man, who creeps along the path of mortality. On the contrary, what solid satisfaction does the man of diligence possess? What health in his countenance? What strength in his limbs? What vigor in his understanding? With what a zest does he relish the refreshments of the day? With what pleasure does he seek the bed of repose at night? It is not the accidental hardness of a pillow that can make him unhappy, and rob him of sleep. He earns his maintenance, and he enjoys it. He has faithfully labored in the day, and the slumbers of the night are a sweet retribution to him. To the diligent man every day is a little life, and every night is a little heaven. The toil has been honest, and the reward is sure.

MANNER.

I fear and suspect, that you have taken it into your head in many cases, that the matter is all, and the manner little or nothing. If you have, undeceive yourself, and be convinced that, in every thing, the manner is full as important as the matter. If you speak good sense in bad words and with a disagreeable utterance, nobody will hear you twice, while